

THE LEISURE HOUR.

BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,
AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND.—*Crafer.*



SUSPICIOUS-LOOKING CHARACTERS.

A YOUNG WIFE'S STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "REDLANDS, OR HOME TEMPER."

CHAPTER XVI.

WITH her head turned towards the path, only a small part of which was visible, stood Miss Everett, in an attitude of deep thoughtfulness. Mr. Demarcay Evans was out of sight, but the regular firm footfall echoed on the ear as he descended the dry hard path. The rustling of my

dress causing the lady to look round, our eyes met, mine troubled and shy from a feeling of having intruded upon her privacy, although unwillingly, and hers clear and pure, in whose depths was no guile.

"Miss Everett, I think, whose acquaintance I have so much wished to make?" observed I, advancing with extended hand. We were soon seated side by side on a wooden bench outside the garden, and I was studying with interest an indescribable

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expression, which gave a nobler charm than that of beauty to her very attractive countenance.

"You have never called upon me," I said, reproachfully, when we had come to an end of the conventional phrases suited to the time, place, and circumstances.

"And therefore it is the more amiable of you to meet me thus kindly."

"Selfish rather than amiable, I fear," was my answer, "since I shall be the greatest gainer by having you for a friend."

It did not escape me that she made no response to my overtures of future acquaintance. She smiled sweetly, and suffered such remarks to drop like lead. Before long the conversation so flagged that, very reluctantly, I rose to go away.

"Will you not come indoors a little while?" she asked, politely.

My humble reply—"With pleasure, if I do not intrude"—was not, I knew, in accordance with Colonel Demarcay's views of our relative situations, but I had no pride at all, either in my name or position, and was gratified to be on friendly terms with Miss Everett, being more than willing to barter his good opinion for hers, if I could obtain it. We went through a small paddock or orchard, where fruit-trees, now rifled and shabby, filled the centre. It sloped downwards towards the house from the spot where I found her, and the road wound below, making, as I afterwards discovered, a great *détour* before the house could be reached by a carriage. One circumstance struck me. Though Miss Everett had accompanied her visitor to the outer gate, she had not returned to the window, whence she might have watched him through the windings for some distance. A small garden, where a fountain played and flowers yet lingered, had been laid out with care and taste. It reminded me of Rosewood in its peaceful, pleasant aspect, and was, to my mind, a far more cheerful residence than Lornedale. Both within and without everything was in harmony with itself and with its mistress. A pure, grave taste prevailed in the furniture as well as in the ornaments; it looked like home, a home of peace and comfort, and yet that better thing which I estimated so highly, the presence of loving hearts, was wanting, for she dwelt alone. I thought her too beautiful and too young for this solitary life, and made some objection to it on the ground of her youth.

"I am twenty-nine in actual years, but feel far older than that," she answered, with a sweet smile that gave an angelic placidity to her countenance. "Owing to my mother's long illness, cares and responsibilities fell early upon me. I have always been happy, but not, perhaps, what is called young, if you mean indulging myself in a full enjoyment of to-day without thinking of to-morrow. For many years, from one night to another, I never felt sure that my mother would be alive in the morning."

And yet, looking at her as she sat beside me, with her black robes falling round her graceful figure, and serving to heighten the advantage of a faultless complexion, I felt there was something better than beauty in her. Anna Demarcay's doll-like prettiness made me secretly despise those who worshipped it. I admired my husband's taste less after seeing the portrait, though I was not better reconciled to the lot he had procured me. To Miss Everett both judgment and heart were ready to offer homage. Serenity sat upon her brow, and her lips parted from time to

time with a ready smile whose sweetness was most winning. If she were happy under circumstances that to a looker-on were dull and cheerless, why might not I be? was my inward reflection. I could not obtain Victor's affection, but, failing the love of husband and child, was there nothing else to live for? Miss Everett was a proof to the contrary. God's sunshine can be in every heart that desires it, and when there, no atmosphere can be hopelessly dark. Care, regret, sorrow, affliction, all lose their hard outline under the influence of its invaluable rays. There are lessons everywhere, and precious ones too, if we could but learn them; both in nature and providence. The mother eagle compels her young ones to fly by putting a thorn into their nest. We may doubt the history, but the moral remains. Short as was my visit to Miss Everett, I felt the better for it, and promised myself both pleasure and profit in cultivating her acquaintance, intending altogether to ignore Colonel Demarcay's wishes, and not unwilling to defy them.

"You will come and see me soon, I hope," said I, when taking leave.

"For a little while longer you will excuse me."

My face must have expressed a keen disappointment, for she added, in a hesitating manner, as if the concession were forced from her, "But if Mrs. Demarcay will pay me a visit instead?"

"With pleasure. When may I come?" said I, catching at the suggestion with an absence of dignity that would have shocked the colonel.

"My mornings are usually engaged."

"But in the afternoons?"

"I am less occupied then, if at home; yet I am frequently out."

That was the time I often had a glimpse of her sable dress going to and fro from cottage to cottage. Sometimes she was in company with Mr. Kingston, but more generally alone. We stood on different ground; my companionship was of no value to her, and hers was much to me; yet her life was solitary, and mine—I lived, as some would say, in the bosom of my family—that is, within a circle of household ties. Was it my fault or my misfortune that they were inadequate to make me happy, and that the friendship of this stranger seemed a priceless boon, because all about her was sympathetic, while my surroundings were not so? "Then I shall come and see you as often as you will allow me," said I, as our hands fell apart.

Though longing to say how much I needed a friend, Colonel Demarcay's image restrained me, and I went away as disobedient in spirit as Hubert, determined to avail myself very soon of the partial advantage obtained.

On reaching home I found the excursionists had returned. In the back hall were several signs of the afternoon's amusement. Hooked sticks and baskets were on the tables, and leaves and bits of branches on the ground, which a housemaid was sweeping away. I heard also that Mr. Demarcay Evans had arrived. Unless Patrick were mistaken in his identity, Lornedale was the scene of his second visit in Halstead, and, if my observations were correct, the stiff figure, the firm, hasty step, hurrying away as if spurning the ground beneath, did not indicate that the first had been agreeable. Who was Demarcay Evans? Nephew to the colonel, the son of his sister, and therefore not the bearer of the family name, though a fiction of it had been preserved at the bap-

tismal font. I knew also that he was clever, that he had given public lectures, and that he had some scientific reputation. He was a favourite with his uncle, which circumstance did not dispose me to regard him with particular interest, my wrath being yet hot against the man who, in my estimation, had so sinned against poor Patrick. Had he not, with unpardonable carelessness, poisoned the weak faith of this son of toil in the days when manhood was strong and passions fierce, and given him nothing for his old age but bitter and futile regret? Surely, surely they who disturb the foundations of our trust, our hopes, and our happiness should give something more real, more stable, and more solid in their stead. Such was the indignant language of my heart, as with the vehemence natural to me where wrong was done, I longed to open a quarrel with him, and speak my mind. Not having any wish to encounter Grover, I would not go into the nursery to inquire how the children had enjoyed themselves, but remained in my room until it was time to dress and go down.

Though the fire burned brightly in the drawing-room it was not cold, and the moonlight streamed in through one of the uncurtained windows. Sitting in shadow at another, I was looking out where the silver radiance fell in lines and uncertain shapes on the turf outside, reflecting how to express my displeasure to the colonel, and how soon I might, without indiscretion, repeat my visit to Miss Everett, when Victor and his cousin entered talking together.

I did not wish to be again an unwilling hearer of personal remarks, so, opening the piano, I gave notice of my presence by the preliminary of a few chords before beginning to play. Footsteps came immediately, and the shadow of two figures fell athwart the moonlight.

"Ella, here is my cousin, Demarcay, the Mæcenass of the family. Lest it be a bad omen to meet for the first time in the moonbeams, I will change the light."

Whilst speaking he applied a match to the wax lights on the mantel-piece, and I, quitting the piano, gave my hand and attention to the big cousin. On a close view the likeness to Victor disappeared; he was less handsome, and seemed made of sterner stuff. Power rather than goodness was stamped upon his countenance, and yet the expression was attractive. Though he spoke only on conventional trivialities, his voice had a great fascination as we three stood round the fire before the others joined us. Victor was silent, and I, while listening, was silent too, piecing together into a history such facts as had already come to my knowledge about Demarcay, and making fanciful deductions from them. Miss Everett was a charming person in my eyes, in the colonel's less than uninteresting; might not the explanation be found in the fascination she exercised over the nephew? Hubert soon burst into the room, and running directly to his cousin, reproached him for not coming earlier.

"Why didn't you come—but why didn't you come?" repeated the boy, in various high keys, as he rolled himself on and off Demarcay's knees, yet ever returning to the charge.

"I could not."

My quick glance, as he now sat where the light of the lamp and fire fell full on his fine intellectual face, revealed nothing. It was not likely that he would be discountenanced by the idle questionings of a child.

"What train did you come by?" asked Victor.

"The three o'clock, but I walked from the station, having business in Halstead."

"Business! what was your business?" inquired Hubert, impetuously. "Your business was with us. We wanted you—papa, Aunt Bertha, grandmamma, Nora, and all of us. I shall punish you for not coming."

Climbing on the back of his chair, Hubert clasped his neck with both hands, for which he was tickled till he relaxed his hold, and lay shrieking on the floor.

"Hush! not such a row, Hubert; get up, or you will shock your mamma, who is not accustomed to such rough boys as we are," said Demarcay.

Instead of repudiating the relationship with some outburst more honest than pleasant, as I expected, Hubert continued kicking and shouting until his cousin pulled him on to his feet, and apologised to me for the noise.

"Here is something for you; I could not find fives, only threes," said Hubert, pulling a small substance from his pocket, and throwing it into my lap.

"Hubert!" exclaimed Victor, and very sternly for him; "I cannot allow that," putting out his hand to take away what the child had thrown.

"It is a bunch of nuts, and meant for kindness," I replied.

"Hubert flings his gifts instead of offering them—only princes are permitted to do that," said Demarcay.

"I am not a prince—I am Hubert Demarcay, papa's son, and I don't want to be any one else's," said the child, indignantly, drawing himself straight upright, and looking a noble little fellow in the lamplight, as he always did when at rest instead of at play.

"I should like you to be a little more gentle sometimes," said Victor, laying his hand caressingly on the boy's head. "You will not be a true Demarcay in your uncle's eyes if you are rough."

"Nor a gentleman, if you do not learn something more than manners," added the big cousin.

"I hope you enjoyed your rustication this afternoon. I hear that Mrs. Rogers changed her mind and went with the party," said the smooth voice of Colonel Demarcay, as he bent low before me in passing on to his chair at the fireside.

"Very much," I answered.

"That's good; why, you stayed at home," blurted out Hubert.

"No; I walked in another direction." I said this, knowing through Nora's fit of passion how he watched me, and how lynx-eyed he was to discern what appeared to him any deviation from truth.

"Where did you go?" asked Victor.

"I am not sufficiently instructed in the localities of Lorrdales to give my walk a name, but I got into a green lane, and found myself stopped at last by the iron gate leading to the sea."

"Then you were close to Ivy Cottage."

Mr. Demarcay Evans turned his face quickly towards me and as quickly away again. The entrance of Mrs. and Miss Rogers with Nora made a welcome diversion. Bertha's reproaches and questions met with evasive answers. He said no more about having been in Halstead on business, but set about making himself agreeable. Bertha flushed and smiled and looked more amiable than I had ever seen her before.

Both at dinner and throughout the evening conversation flowed on with a pleasant sparkle like a gentle rippling stream that touches lightly the objects it encounters. Something of the colonel's sarcastic character was in the nephew, only of a finer nature, less cutting and more amusing. He laughed freely where his uncle would only have smiled, a smile that did not always please. Looking up once or twice from the work over which I was trifling, I found Demarcay watching me. To him I was an object of curiosity, if not of suspicion. Did he wish to ascertain how much I knew of his movements that afternoon? When retaliating by taking an occasional glance at him, I was convinced that much of his gaiety was assumed; there was a false ring in it, even when he jested.

"Marry!" he said, in answer to some laughing word of pretended dissuasion on the part of Bertha; "certainly I will when I can. Unfortunately I am inclined to ignore the fitness of things, and have the presumption to desire the possession of the best, and that is difficult to obtain."

If Bertha understood his meaning she was wisely silent. I was not. A reprehensible impulse urged me to say, with a sweeping glance that took in my husband as well as his cousin, "True, what is least valuable is the most easily procured."

"Probably it would be safest to adopt a new scale," said Demarcay, "and imitate the Frenchman who chose his wife to suit his furniture, a sure way of escaping discords and disappointments."

"Below the surface you would find them still," I replied.

"When the furniture is the worse for wear you can change or renew it—how about the wife?" asked Mrs. Rogers.

Bertha vehemently exclaimed against my dark views, and Colonel Demarcay observed that ladies frequently uttered sentiments solely because they thought them pretty.

"Permit me to express a hope," he added, "that, however romantic and delightful a secret grief may be, Mrs. Demarcay will never find so keen a pleasure as that at Lornedale."

Victor left the circle, and spent the rest of the evening lounging over the fire. What good had it done me to vex him by these side-thrusts? None; I had lowered myself, and that was all.

CHAPTER XVII.

DEMARCAEY EVANS found his own occupations and amusements. We rarely saw him, except at breakfast or dinner. Occasionally he sat an hour or two with the colonel in the morning, and sometimes went out with Victor, when Bertha usually accompanied them. The colonel continued to give his attention to Mrs. Rogers and me; or rather, exacted that I should give mine to them both. My quarrel with him did not come off, his unvarying courtesy had been too much for me. Extreme urbanity in an antagonist is a great hindrance to expressing your mind when that outspeaking means something disagreeable. Two days after the conversation with Patrick, on returning home from our drive earlier than usual, I started off for Ivy Cottage, half-ashamed at repeating my visit so soon, yet unwilling to lose so favourable an opportunity. There was time before dinner. At this hour the colonel never wanted me, and there was also a good chance of

finding Miss Everett at home. On the present occasion I had miscalculated; she was out. Returning to the lane, I went towards the sea, which could be seen well from the spot where Patrick told the dreary tale of sorrow and mournful folly that had kindled in me compassion for him, anger against the colonel, and some uneasiness for myself. To my surprise, the gate was ajar. In all probability the old man was there. It might be his favourite haunt—the restless, ever-beating wave often falls in soothing murmurs on a troubled spirit. I had not yet been on the sands, and was not sorry for the opportunity of going there. Without hesitation I passed through the gate, which opened so heavily at first as to throw me off my balance, and then suddenly banged to behind me with a loud clang. The persuasion that some member of the household must be there kept me from being seriously alarmed, although the sharp metallic sound caused some dismay. After a few vain efforts I succeeded in opening it, and by examination and practice ascertained that on pressing a small knob above the lock it unclosed easily.

Satisfied about my return, I began to descend the well-kept path, almost gay-hearted, with a fresh breeze blowing in my face, and the grateful smell of the salt wave all about me. Zigzags, through a shaggy growth of wood for a little way, and then over a bare ground with small tufts of grass and samphire growing, soon started aside under stunted pines that tried in vain to raise their heads. Farther on were steps cut in places in the rock, where the path would otherwise be difficult, which brought me half-way down the cliff, and to a kind of platform, whence was a good view of the shore. Patrick was not there, but instead were two figures slowly walking on the beach. Their identity could not be mistaken. Enough yet remained of the fading daylight to recognise Miss Everett and Demarcay Evans, so engaged in conversation as never to turn a glance at rock or wave, though the latter, like an insidious enemy, kept stealthily gaining on them. Pacing up and down, so well matched in height and appearance, and apparently absorbed in each other, were they not enacting that romance of life which, though old as Time, is always invested with novelty and interest, ever fresh, yet ever fading? Their mental gifts, I thought, fitted them for companionship of the nearest kind. Such a character as I supposed Miss Everett to be was the right complement to a talented, noble-minded man. But was Demarcay Evans that? He pleased me; his open countenance, his agreeable conversation and easy-going disposition, his cheerfulness when with us, his readiness to be satisfied himself, and to give pleasure to others, threw undoubtedly a certain charm about him; yet in some respects there was sufficient resemblance to his uncle to awaken my prejudices. By this time I was well aware that Colonel Demarcay was deficient in that important element which makes a man a real man. He was without religion, and consequently his being was incomplete. The higher, ennobling principles that give a centre of rest even to the troubled heart, and elevate its chief hopes and aspirations to a period and sphere where existence will be an endless gain and an unmixed good, were wanting. Confining all being and enjoyment to a few years on earth, he was but a poor groveller, chained to a system out of which nothing grand or worthy could grow. At this time of my life I could not have expressed myself so decidedly, but even then I felt

that a character of that kind must be poor, unreliable, and inferior. Notwithstanding his unvarying consideration towards me, the more marked because a latent depreciation of others was a leading trait in him—the more needed because I had not that support from those around me which affection gives—I could not like him. There was an energy of repulsion in me, which I did not try to overcome, and in so far as I suspected Demarçay to resemble his uncle, he lost in my estimation.

I felt a certain fascination in following the pair in their leisurely walk, not sorry to find Miss Everett brought nearer to me by this link to the weaker side of humanity. Perhaps she loved this man, and here was the explanation of the colonel's indifference to her beauty and disparagement of herself; yet she was far beyond me in all gifts, personal, mental, and social, and he took pains to inform me that I stood high in his esteem. I could not understand it. Since my marriage that state itself had assumed a very different aspect from what it usually does to a young girl. By letting my mind run much in the same groove, and finding only in prayer the help needed for the fulfilment of ordinary duties, I had grown older than my years, and in so short a time that I was astonished at myself. One object—to gain the children's love—I kept steadily in view, and though hindered for the present by the superior claims of grandmother and aunt, I nevertheless thought and planned for them, directing where it was possible, and hoping at some future time to reap my reward. But could one small portion of my life be lived again, I would have been contented with the homely monotony of a village, and not have been so eager to seek a broader field for my affections and energies. Such cheerfulness as I was able to show in the family was frequently assisted by the flow of Demarçay's spirits when he joined us. I liked him, indeed, but was not sure that he realised my ideal for Miss Everett. I did not wish her life to fail where mine had done; it was but natural that she should marry; she was young and lovely. Since the death of her mother left her lonely, new ties, happily riveted, could not be undesirable for her. Sweetness, gentleness, tact, and a delicate discrimination, allied to strength, to manly vigour, and a gifted mind, and over all a helpful, mutual tenderness answering the great needs of the human heart, would make a perfect marriage. In imagination I saw Miss Everett richly endowed with her portion, but was not so sure of her companion, my personal bitter experience disposing me to be unjust to all the Demarçays.

As from my sheltered nook I explained in my own fashion that evening walk along the shore, too far off to derive any assistance from their countenances, a large wave swept quickly round their feet, and made Demarçay seize the lady by the arm and draw her farther inland. This incident broke up the conversation. Miss Everett, standing still, began to look about her, and soon Demarçay went back a short distance and fetched a shawl from a rock amidst a bank of seaweed. I did not wish to be in the way, or to appear to interrupt their *tête-à-tête*, so, sitting down under the shelter of some of these brown stones, I waited for them to pass. In silence they must have gone up the ascent, for voices ring very clearly on a height, and not a sound reached me where I sat listening and watching, with my thoughts branching off continually to myself, which probably deceived me as to time. When I rose, after having

allowed a sufficient interval to elapse not to overtake them before they entered the lane, no one was in sight above or below, only a lad some distance off, nearly on a level with me, hanging lazily about a small white cottage half-way down the cliff. As leisurely as I had taken it before, I began to hurry now, hoping to reach the top before they separated. The day was drawing in, and, though the secret of the lock was now known to me, I might perchance stand in need of assistance.

Returning to the trodden path, I met two men crossing it from a lower angle, in a direction leading among the rocks under the wall, near the cottage where I sat yesterday listening to Patrick. Apparently they came from the shore, where the fishermen of that district anchored their boats when at home. The men did not look like fishermen either. One carried a sack that seemed heavy, and the other a bag, out of which peeped an end of thick rope. By the sinister looks they cast upon me they seemed vexed as well as surprised at meeting any one on the road. But if the sight of me was unwelcome to them, their countenances and general appearance were repulsive to me. Of a fair height and strongly built, both of them, they seemed capable of any muscular feat, and looked firm and resolute, though their gait was awkward. One was dark, with bushy eyebrows nearly meeting, and a wild growth of hair covering one-half of his face, which, with a certain lowering look in the eyes, gave the idea that before me was one of those ready villains whom magistrates are often obliged to send to enjoy the country's hospitality gratis.

Colonel Demarçay's severe sentences had of late kept this part of the county clear of notorious offenders, though the little fishing hamlet that nestled below the cliff, bordering Lörndale for a short distance, frequently furnished the magisterial bench with minor offences. The smooth cheeks and cleaner garb of the other contrasted favourably with the appearance of his companion, and would have dissipated a rising uneasiness had I not caught the young man's eye, which to my excited fancy expressed deep cunning, allied to an intelligence little dulled by the indulgence of bad passions. My good fortune in meeting with them so near our own grounds scarcely relieved the painful impression they made upon me, not even when striking across the grass and stones they disappeared among the rocks, rounding the point which bounded my view. Swiftly as strength and breath allowed, I hurried up the zigzag path, stumbling and almost falling in my haste to take a nearer cut, and soon reached the gate. I was not particularly alarmed because unable to open it immediately, believing that hurry and agitation of mind made my fingers nerveless. Telling myself that being all but at home, I was consequently safe from harm, even if these men were evil-minded and should return, I endeavoured to be calm, carefully pressing the knob, as I learned to do half an hour ago, but without effect, the high-spiked gate remained obstinately closed. I shook and rattled it with all my might, crying out for help, and calling both Demarçay and Miss Everett by name.

Knowing no means of gaining an entrance any other way, and supposing the former might be still at the cottage, I kept an anxious watch when despairing of making myself heard, hoping to hear if not see him when he went home to dinner, as he must shortly do. Perhaps a sharp shriek proceeding

from sudden terror would be sufficiently penetrating, but my voice raised to its highest pitch failed to reach the inmates of the cottage, nor was I more successful when hammering on the gate with stones. As the minutes passed and the light faded, I became truly uneasy and perplexed above measure what to do. Would no one hear and come to my aid? Would these men return, and, finding me alone and shut out, rob or ill-treat me? Except earrings, brooch, and rings, I had nothing about me to satisfy their cupidity, having accidentally left my watch behind me. So near home it was impossible that any real cause for alarm could exist; I told myself so twenty times over, and yet my heart kept sinking lower and lower, as all efforts to attract attention were unsuccessful. Perhaps Demareay had parted from Miss Everett at the wicket-gate and was gone home. Not till they all assembled for dinner would my absence create any alarm, and when that would be it was difficult to determine; though the grey hue of evening was above and around me, objects were still distinctly visible. Yet, even when missed, who would think of looking for me on the cliff? After the drive I had walked upstairs with Mrs. Rogers and gone to my room; the visit to Miss Everett was an afterthought. With every deepening shade my anxiety increased; I was half mad to think what a little curiosity and much pride had brought upon me. As help could not come from without, it was plain that I must seek it in myself.

There was a possibility, by climbing and hard exertion, of proceeding farther over the rocky ground in the direction the men had taken, round the point, which I fancied might lie at the back of Miss Everett's premises. Perhaps it would be easier to make myself heard by going higher. The luxury of my short life at Lorndale had not made me either spiritless or delicate, so I determined to try if I could find a spot from whence the ground above might be reached, where a few trees were grouped together. The branches of one of them, larger and more flourishing than the rest, drooped over the high wall which, in addition to the pointed rocks, formed a protection to the property in that part. To my great mortification, they afforded no help at all. The ground underneath slanting away, the incline downwards was so steep that the most agile school-boy would have great difficulty in reaching them, and by their aid swinging himself upwards. For me there was no hope of scandalising Colonel Demareay by such a performance. After calling and calling with no more success than before, I saw no alternative but to betake myself to the white cottage already noticed, and thither I turned my steps, hoping that from thence there might be a path upwards leading towards Lorndale, or if not, that there must be one to the small hamlet of Ormbey, whence home could easily be reached by the high road. Having once driven through it with Colonel Demareay, I knew it could be done, though I had a very hazy idea of the distance. Besides, there was the shore, where it would be impossible to miss the way, even though twilight had begun, and the purple hue of the atmosphere was deepening rapidly. The rippling lustre of the water would be a sure guide, and where fishermen trod to and fro there must be a path safe enough for me. My return would only be a question of time. I should arrive after dinner instead of before, and probably should have to listen to covert reproaches from the colonel

in the guise of courteous regret that Mrs. Demareay should have ventured from home alone, when she had an attendant always at her service. With these thoughts mingled others—an undercurrent of deeper and more personal feeling—how Victor would take my absence. So long as I stood high in his uncle's favour my presence was necessary to him; I strengthened the family bond. He might not wish to lose me, for I was useful in the niche appointed me, filling a place that no one could covet, yet whose void would bring some detriment to the household comfort. With any tenderer consideration for me I did not credit him, not because he was ever anything but kind, but rather because the circumstances that had brought me to Lorndale could not change. There was no getting away from that inexorable past. The rebellion that sometimes stole into my mind when alone was coming now, when a sharp cry of distress overhead disturbed me. A tiny bird, pursued by a kite, was making a desperate effort to escape. The broad wings of the latter flapped eagerly to envelope the prey, which cleft the air with despairing energy. The victim, at the last gasp, turned short round, gaining by its instinct a half second of life, and with another note of anguish that thrilled me through and through, flew into a tree, spent with terror and fatigue. The kite instantly followed, and all was still—a stillness that told so painful a tale that, in an insane fury against the devourer, snatching up every loose stone within my reach, I hurled them at the tree, in order to prevent the horrible repast.

Alas! in this world the strong have too often the upper hand, and prey upon the weak. Whence the first seed of evil sprung is a question to puzzle the deepest thinkers, but the facts of daily occurrence in the natural world, as well as a sense of justice, deeply rooted, tell us to look for another order of things. Beyond that is another fact. In proportion as we resist this conclusion or bow to its teachings, we make our lives happy or miserable. Impulse just then was, however, stronger than reason. I could have cried over the fate of the hapless bird, though it is an item of my faith that not a sparrow falls to the ground without the will of our Heavenly Father.

Leaving the spot where this recent small tragedy had a little delayed me, I thought it prudent to hurry now towards the cottage, where the boy formerly observed was still hovering about a sort of garden, roughly cultivated, encircling the little tenement. On approaching nearer, his personal appearance was far from prepossessing. His clothes, well patched, had seen much service, and even now, besides needing the thrifty needle in many places, were short and small. The face was pale and sharp, with a look expressive either of cunning or quick intelligence, perhaps the latter with cunning as director.

"Wha' yer will?" he asked, without removing, or even touching, his battered cap, which was as large in proportion as his other garments were deficient, giving him the outline of a huge tadpole.

"Can I get up the cliff anywhere here?"

"Ye-es," he replied, jerking his head backwards in the direction I expected.

"If you will take me into some path leading to the road I will give you something for your trouble; or even if you will show me the way by which I can reach it alone," I added, perceiving that the lad hesitated about accompanying me, or was slow to comprehend my meaning.

"Main't trespass; there be man-traps and steel

guns up there. Master Welch is uncommon sharp. Don't want to be cotched."

I knew nothing of Mr. Welch, not even his name, but supposed him to be some small proprietor in the neighbourhood.

"If you will ask him to allow Mrs. Demareay to pass through his grounds into the road, I have no doubt he will do so, and I will reward you for your trouble," I repeated.

The mention of my name produced, as I expected, some effect. With a short, sharp whistle, the lad's substitute for an exclamation of surprise, in all probability, he ran into the cottage, and I followed. On entering the dingy room into which the dim twilight rays stole through two small windows on different sides of the wall, the first object to attract attention was a woman with a spoon in her hand, standing upright beside a fire, on which a pot of something savoury was boiling. Judging from appearances, she was not particularly well pleased with the young hopeful who announced my approach.

"My good woman, I am Mrs. Demareay," I began, in the softest tones at my command. "By accident I am shut out, and cannot return home by the gate. Perhaps this young lad can guide me into some path by which I may reach Lorndale?"

As if I had not spoken, the woman, turning her back to me, stooped over her pot and carefully stirred its contents, giving less attention to my words than she would have done to the hum of an insect, and in this attitude continued, though I twice urged my request. Finding there was to be no answer from her, I again addressed myself to the boy. "You said there was a road through Mr. Welch's property; show me the way, and I will give you something."

"Don't want to be cotched; Master Welch is a sharp one," repeated the lad, and shuffling away from me, he took up his station by the window, the promised recompense not being able to overcome his repugnance to my proposition.

"Then conduct me to Ormbey."

By a quick movement of his head towards the woman, I saw that at last I had proposed something feasible, and renewed my request. Without changing her position, the woman muttered twice the monosyllable "Aye, aye," in a tone from which I could gather neither hope nor encouragement. During the silence and hesitation that followed, I thought it best to decide upon going to Ormbey by the shore. Though the road might be longer, it would be impossible to miss it. The walk would be lonely, but I was beginning to think it might be less disagreeable than a shorter and more private one with a strange and uncouth companion.

"Or I can go along the sands," I said aloud. Here the woman looked up quickly, and beckoning the boy to her side, said a few words in his ear. Through the increasing dusk I could gain no impressions, either good or bad, by means of my eyes; and as yet, however unattractive the manners and appearance of the couple, neither the boy nor his mother had done anything that ought to alarm me. Perhaps they were only ignorant, boorish people, whom my presence disconcerted because they did not know what to do with me. Striving to repress any sign of fear or distrust, I was about to reiterate my determination to proceed by the shore, when a heavy footfall sounded outside the door, and to my dismay one of the two men who had previously crossed my path appeared on the threshold.

MOUNTAIN WEATHER RHYMES.

THOSE who venture into the country at this season of the year ought to be well versed in the folk-lore of the hills in respect to the weather, for rain prevails, particularly in mountainous districts, where we are informed,

"When clouds are on the hills
They'll come down by the mills,"

which indicates that mist or clouds hanging about hill-tops give sign of rain, a prognostication quite as true as a mist coming up a river of fair weather. Both signs are set forth in these lines:—

"When the mist comes from the hill,
Then good weather it doth spill.
When the mist comes from the sea,
Then good weather it will be."

As there is much truth in cloud-capped hills indicating falls of rain, and as there are many mountains in the British Isles, it is not a matter of surprise that numerous weather rhymes have been handed down in various localities from generation to generation. These rhymes have been collected and preserved by many old authors. We give the following:—

Bredon Hill, Worcestershire.

"When Bredon Hill puts on his hat,
Ye men of the vale beware of that."

Dunkrey, Somersetshire.

"When Dunkrey's top cannot be seen,
Horner will have a flooded stream."

Masson, Derbyshire.

"Masson top has got a cap,
And Darley Dale must pay for that."

Cheviot, Northumberland.

"When Cheviot ye see put on his cap,
Of rain ye'll have a wee bit drap."

Owsen Bands, Durham.

"Mist on Owsen Bands
Means heavy rain in the inlands."

Again—

"On yonder mountain Owsen Bands
Towers high its head of barren lands,
And there, if mist hangs days but ane,
Is seen the sign of coming rain."

Ingleboro', Yorkshire.

"When Ingleboro' wears a hat,
Ribblesdale 'll hear o' that."

Oliver's Mount, Yorkshire.

"When Oliver's Mount puts on his hat,
Searbro' town will pay for that."

Halldown, Devonshire.

"When Halldown has a hat
Let Kenton beware a skat."

Roseberry Topping, North Riding.

"When Roseberry Topping wears a cap,
Let Cleveland then beware a clap."

Riving Pike, Lancashire.

"If Riving Pike do wear a hood,
Be sure the day will ne'er be good."

Again—

"When Rivington puts on her hood,
She fears a rainy day;
But when she doffs it you will find
The rain is o'er, and still the wind,
And Phœbus shines away."

Hengston, Cornwall.

"When Hengston is wrapped in a cloud
A shower follows soon after."

Bever, Leicestershire.

"If Bever have a cap,
You churlcs of the vale look to that."

Skiddaw, Cumberland.

"When Skiddaw hath a cap,
Criffel wots well of that."

Criffel, Scotland.

"When Criffel wears a hap,
Skiddaw wots full well o' that."

Traprain, Haddingtonshire.

"When Traprain puts on his hat,
The Lothian lads may look to that."

Ruberslaw, Roxburghshire.

"When Ruberslaw puts on his cowl,
The Dunion on his hood,
Then a' the wives of Teviotside
Ken there will be a flood."

In Forfarshire we are informed, by Chambers, that Carigowl and Collie Law, two eminences in the Sidlaw range, are substituted, in another version, for Ruberslaw and the Dunion, and "the Lundy lads" for "the wives o' Teviotside."

Cairns Muir, Kirkcudbrightshire.

"When Cairns Muir wears a hat,
The Macher's Rills may laugh at that."

Falkland Hill, Scotland.

"When Falkland Hill puts on his cap,
The Howe o' Fife will get a drap;
And when the Bishop draws his cowl,
Look out for wind and weather foul."

Falkland Hill and Bishop Hill are two prominent eminences in the Lomond range.

Largo Law, Scotland.

"When Largo Law puts on his hat,
Let Kellie Law beware of that;
When Kellie Law gets on his cap,
Largo Law may laugh at that."

Craighill, Scotland.

"There is a high wooded hill above Lochnaw Castle,
Take care when Lady Craighill puts on her mantle;
The Lady looks high and knows what is coming,
Delay not one moment to get under covering."

In the following, given by Grose under London, a wood takes the place of a mountain:—

"When Tottenham Wood is all on fire,
Then Tottenham street is nought but mire."

NATURAL HISTORY NOTES AND ANECDOTES.

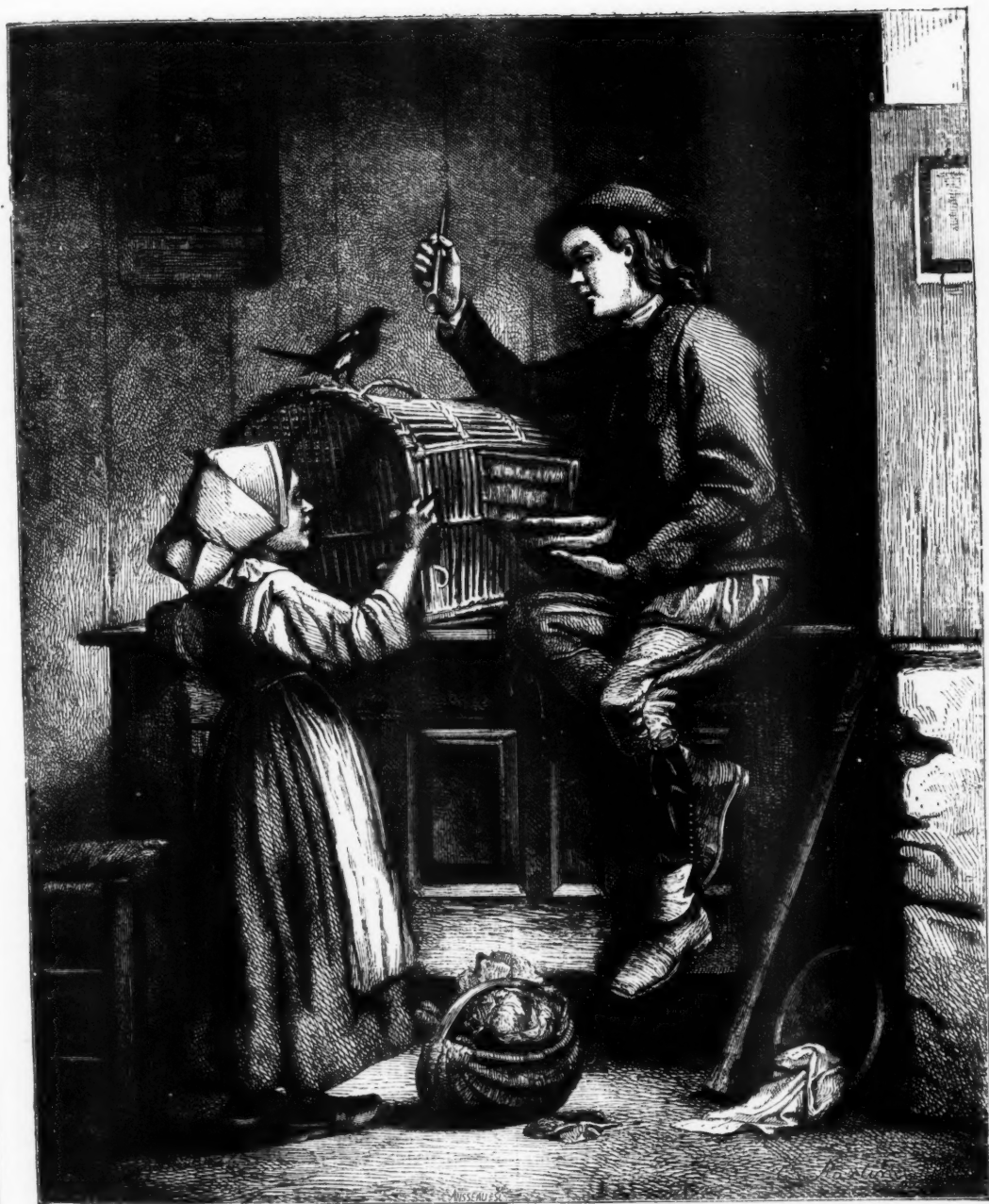
COCKATOO MEMORY.

SOME years ago an instance of the power of recollection exhibited by a cockatoo came under my own observation, which, I think, is worthy of being recorded. In a detached villa at the west end of London there lived, at the time of which I write, a lady who was fond of birds and other animals, and who, on returning from India, brought home several parrots, and who had other ornithological pets. One day, when walking alone in the garden at the back of her house, which was of some length, she was suddenly startled by hearing the words, "pretty cockatoo," repeated several times, and on looking round she discovered a fine yellow-crested cockatoo, much draggled. The bird had evidently escaped from some other house, and was quite ready to perch on the lady's arm when she went up to it. Great care was at once taken of the pet, and it was washed; a temporary perch was quickly prepared for it, and it was soon found to be a most amusing bird. The efforts which were made to restore the lost one to its rightful owner proved altogether unsuccessful, and a permanent stand was procured for it. Not long after its discovery in the garden by the lady, an old friend, an Indian officer, paid her a visit, and he was greatly delighted with the amusing ways of the bird. He was then thinking of taking up his residence temporarily at Bath, a place much frequented by persons returning from India, and he begged so hard to be allowed to have the bird for a time, that the lady at

last very reluctantly consented to the loan, on condition that "Pretty Cockatoo" should be returned when the old Indian's sojourn at Bath came to an end. In about twelve months he determined on removing to some other place, and, in accordance with the agreement, the bird was duly returned, and again was to be seen in the dining-room of its former temporary mistress. Not very long after its return it was placed one morning at the open window, looking into a front garden (not very large) between the house and the public road, and suddenly the bird became excited, and called out "Edward! Edward!" several times. The lady was startled, and on looking out of the window she saw a man-servant in livery entering the garden-gate and approaching the house. He knocked at the door, and said he believed he had seen at the window a cockatoo which had been lost for many months, and if he were correct the bird would know him, and would call him by his Christian name as soon as he made his appearance. He was at once taken into the room, and instantly the bird appeared much agitated, and began calling "Edward, Edward, Edward," and it was quite evident that the long lost pet had at length been found. A.

MAGPIE ANECDOTES.

The sagacity often exhibited by magpies, when tamed, is very surprising. A favourite magpie was in the habit of occasionally hiding any food he did not immediately want in some long grass



SAUCY MAG.

at the bottom of a row of iron hurdles. This hoard was discovered, and often robbed, by a favourite terrier. One morning Mag was observed in great excitement, hopping and chattering incessantly, rapidly repeating every word in his vocabulary at the dog, who was busily engaged in rifling the storehouse. In his search, however, he passed over a tuft of grass in which a piece of beef was concealed; Mag was at the spot in an instant, drew forth the treasure, and securely fixed it on the highest bar of the hurdles, far above the dog's reach. He then, at a little distance, began pluming his feathers, chattering to himself with a very self-satisfied air, and occasionally hopping back to take another look at his recovered meal, evidently priding himself on his skill.

The conduct of this magpie is quite in keeping with the old adage of "Set a thief to catch a thief." His pilfering habits are notorious. He is also a sad poacher. Not only the eggs, but the young, of pheasants, partridges, and other game, are destroyed by the magpie; nor are the unfledged chickens or ducklings of the farmyard safe from his mischievous attacks.

In captivity he is very amusing, and, notwithstanding his thieving propensities, no one can contemplate his dark, arch eye, his inquisitiveness, his familiarity, and hear his efforts at mimicry, without interest.

That he is not wholly devoid of grateful feeling the following anecdote shows. A favourite magpie had been accustomed to receive dainty bits from the mouth of its mistress. One day it perched as usual upon her shoulder, and inserted its beak between her lips, not, as it proved, to receive, but (as one good turn deserves another) the grateful bird dropped an immense green fat caterpillar into the lady's mouth.

"A HAPPY FAMILY."

The kind interest shown by many correspondents in "The Happy Family" ("Leisure Hour," p. 780, 1875) induces me to give some further account of its members. Alas! for the changes and chances that not even happy families of little animals are exempt from. When our hearts have been very sore, and little graves have had to be prepared, we have sometimes wondered if the pleasure of keeping these creatures was worth the pain of losing them; then we have remembered that, in less as in greater things, such is the system of compensation; we cannot have all joy and no sorrow here. So we have fulfilled the last duties to our departed pets; have laid them, covered with flowers, for a day, in the little museum of one who was seen at the last meeting of the Berwickshire Naturalists' Club that he attended, carrying gently a wounded dove; then we have buried them, or had them stuffed, and placed as specimens in our cabinet of natural history objects, and have filled their vacant places with others, and endeavoured to keep up as much animal life and consequent enjoyment in our back green as possible.

"Heatherbell" was accidentally killed, and, to replace him, a little rabbit was brought here by a kind boy, who thought, as she was grey, that "Charlie" would never know the difference. We gave her the pleasant name of Hope. In the spring she began to make a nest, and had seven little ones—Charlie, Hope, Snow, Daisy, Barty, Dandy, and Tiny, the

delight of the happy parents, and the admiration of all who saw them. Old Charlie was beside himself with pleasure, rolling himself over and over amongst them, feeding quietly beside them, and expressing perfect satisfaction. When two months old, four of the seven were given to friends; three still remain here. In summer Hope again made a nest, and this time brought up ten. Such a kind mother! not one overlooked; all bright and beautiful. Old Charlie died suddenly; we had had him so long (five years and five months) that we forgot he was like other rabbits, and his death caused surprise as well as grief.

The first break in the little family was caused by the death of Joy; he met with a slight accident, and the fright had been too much for him. The other members of "The Happy Family" are Lalla, a Belgian hare-rabbit, with dark-brown eyes and black eyelashes, a pale fawn-colour above and white below, as large as a hare, and extremely affectionate. Pussie Veronica delights in this rabbit, purrs to him, and falls asleep on his back. The other pussies are Effie, Cinderella, and Forget-me-not. The old hedgehog, "The Doctor," is singularly tame, coming to be stroked if he thinks he is not going to be noticed. His companion is Robin-run-the-hedge, a black hedgehog, much younger, and a fine strong animal. It is very pleasant to see them at their food, they enjoy it so very much. They get great variety, as they like so many things—bread-and-milk, broth, fish, small bones of game or chicken, and a beetle is quite a luxury. They are most useful little animals, keeping the back green clear of troublesome insects. Early in winter they became dormant. They are well covered with straw, and will not likely show themselves for three or four months. I have only to name Dora, the guinea-pig—Marigold is now a "specimen"—and the list of "The Happy Family" at present is complete.

J. B. C.

Berwick-on-Tweed.

CATCHING A TARANTULA.

Our greatest enemies in South America, next to the ants and cockroaches, were the tarantula spiders, which infest every house, whether well or ill kept, though those which neglect the rules of cleanliness usually fare the worst. Apart from their enormous size and hideous ugliness, they are formidable from their dangerous bite, sometimes inflicted very unexpectedly; for the tarantula, like the smaller snakes of the East Indies, loves to nestle in shoes and articles of clothing; and more than one unwary friend of mine, while drawing on his boots for a morning walk, has been apprised by a sharp nip that there was "a man in possession." One of these cases (the sufferer being in a bad state of health at the time) ended fatally.

The blacks, however, seem to care as little for this objectionable visitor as for his more formidable cousin, the scorpion. I have myself seen a negro kill full-grown specimens of both reptiles with his bare heel without the slightest hesitation; and a favourite feat with one of my black servants (familiarily known as "Bob") was to catch the tarantula *alive*. The moment the huge hairy body was seen clinging to the wall, Bob's black face would brighten with a grin of boyish glee, and, stealing noiselessly up, he would pounce upon the intruder with a dexterous clutch

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that tucked all the formidable claws harmlessly under the body, and wave it in triumph over his head a helpless mass.

This accomplishment speedily became famous throughout the entire neighbourhood, and Bob's skill was in constant request. At length, the proverbial fall which, sooner or later, awaits every hero, overtook him likewise. One evening a monstrous tarantula appeared on the wall, in the midst of one of our parties, and there was a general cry to "have in Bob." The sable Hercules promptly appeared; but either from over-confidence or the pride of performing before such a concourse, he pounced, missed his decisive clutch, and the startled monster darted like an arrow down the wall, right in among the company! The panic which ensued baffles description. Shrieking, shouting, jostling, holding their skirts convulsively together, the ladies made for the doors, or leaped frantically upon chairs and tables. Search being made, the poor tarantula (probably quite as much frightened as his enemies) was nowhere to be found, thereby impressing upon the dismayed guests the haunting conviction that one or other of them must "have it somewhere about them." They dispersed in confusion; nor were any of them ever known to ask a repetition of the experiment.

D. KER.

THE CAMEL IN CENTRAL ASIA.

The use of the camel's flesh as food among the Tartar tribes of Central Asia is considerably exaggerated by untravelled writers, the "ship of the desert" being (like a mediæval outlaw) worth considerably more alive than dead, and scarcely to be considered as a standard dish in a country which abounds in beef and mutton, the former selling, in many places, at 2d. per pound, the latter at 1½d. During the passage of the Kara-Koum Desert, however, I have more than once been glad to share a camel-steak with some wandering Tartar, and found the meat (despite its bluish colour and stringy consistency) palatable enough in default of better.

The patience and meekness usually ascribed to the camel are, I fear, as apocryphal as the magnanimity of the lion and the traveller-carrying powers of the St. Bernard dog. To any one but his habitual driver he is utterly intractable; and even to him he yields a very qualified obedience. True, he kneels down promptly at the signal word "Tehok!" and allows the square wooden yoke, which is the substratum of all Kirghiz packing, to be planted on his hump, and the load securely girthed upon it; but let that load excel his mental maximum by a single pound, and he instantly remonstrates, first with a short angry cry, and then in a still less parliamentary fashion. The Cossack garrison of Fort No. 1, on the Syr-Daria, showed me a camel which had killed two men and "made the best of a third," whatever that may imply; and I have myself frequently had to dodge a ferocious bite in the narrow streets of Tashkent and Samarcand, from this "patient" servant of man—infllicted, apparently, for no reason but because I happened to be near enough to receive it.

The ordinary load of a camel is 12½ poods (about 450 lbs.), and the average day's march of a caravan 30 *versts*, or 20 English miles; and the huge gaunt figures, strung out in a single file of several scores, form a very picturesque tableau on the dead, unrelieved level of the desert, especially when the mirage

dilates them to gigantic proportions, visible at a distance of many miles.

When not on duty, the "Djemel" (or, as the Russians call him, "Verblind") is turned out to graze on the steppe, diversifying very picturesquely the monotony of the boundless plains. But even here he does not always behave himself. Whenever you pass through a herd of camels, you will notice that one and all turn their heads to look at you with a fixed, impudent stare, worthy of a London street-boy (to which the huge overhanging eyebrow gives a peculiarly knowing air), continuing to do so as long as you are in sight.

Camels are now employed instead of horses on a part of the post-road across the Kara-Koum (Black Sand) Desert, between Fort Uralsk and the Syr-Daria.

D. KER.

THE COCA LEAF.

When Weston, the American pedestrian, first appeared in this country, it was stated that he chewed coca leaf to prevent physical exhaustion. To many persons the plant was unknown, and its use not before heard of. On consulting botanical works and books of travel, however, descriptions of the plant were found. It is the dried leaf of *Erythroxylon Coca*,* a plant found wild in Peru, in the environs of Cuchero, and on the summit of the Cerro de San Cristobal, and much used by the miners of Peru for its remarkable power in stimulating the nervous system, resembling in its effects opium. Indeed, it is said that the worst effects that have been ascribed to the immoderate use of opium are exceeded by the constant chewing of the coca leaf, and that it brings on a state of apathy and indifference to all surrounding objects; and that the desire for it is ever increasing, so that a confirmed coca-chewer can rarely be reclaimed. Pöppig, the German botanist and traveller, in his work on Chili, Peru, and other parts of South America, thus graphically describes the effects of this most pernicious drug on a person habitually indulging in it:—"Useless for every active pursuit in life, and the slave of his passions, even more than the drunkard, he exposes himself to the greatest dangers for the sake of gratifying this propensity. As the stimulus of the coca is most fully developed when the body is exhausted with toil or the mind with conversation, the poor victim then hastens to some retreat in a gloomy native wood, and, flinging himself under a tree, remains stretched out there, heedless of night or of storms, unprotected by covering or by fire, unconscious of the floods of rain, and of the tremendous winds which sweep the forest; and, after yielding himself for two or three entire days to the occupation of chewing coca, returns home to his abode with trembling limbs and a pallid countenance, the miserable spectacle of unnatural enjoyment. Whoever accidentally meets the *coquero* under such circumstances, and, by speaking, interrupts the effect of this intoxication, is sure to draw upon himself the hatred of the half-maddened creature. The man who is once seized with the passion for this practice, if placed in circumstances which favour its indulgence, is a ruined being. Many instances are related in Peru, where young people of the best families, by occasionally visiting the forests, have begun using the coca for the sake of passing the time away, and, acquiring a relish for it, have from that

* From *erythros*, red, and *xylon*, wood: the wood of the shrub

period been lost to civilisation; as if seized by some malevolent instinct, they refuse to return to their homes; and, resisting the entreaties of their friends, who occasionally discover the haunts of these unhappy fugitives, either retire to some more distant solitude, or take the first opportunity of escaping when they have been brought back to the towns. Indeed, the lives of such wretched beings are embittered by the presence of civilised society, where the white *coquero* is shunned as the most dissolute drunkard, and, soon sinking into a semi-barbarous state, and degrading their white hue, which is the natural stamp of a higher class of society, they die a premature death from their excessive use of this intoxicating leaf."

The immoderate use of the coca leaf by the Peruvians is such that their forests have long since ceased to supply their wants, although the cultivation of the plant has been carried to a very great extent, the Government having been, unhappily, unable to resist the temptation afforded by the large revenue derived from it.

The *Erythroxylon Coca* is a shrub, growing from four to eight feet high, with oblong leaves, which are acute at each end, and three-ribbed. The flowers, which are small and white, are produced in fascicles. In the early part of April, 1876, a plant flowered in the Economic Greenhouse at the Royal Botanic Gardens in the Regent's Park.

D. W.

CABLE-LAYING IN THE TROPICS.

TWO years ago, in early spring, the telegraph ship Hooper left the harbour of Port of Spain, Trinidad, to lay a submarine cable across the Caribbean Sea from Trinidad to Santa Cruz. It was Sunday, which is too often used as "a lucky day" at sea; so, after divine service on board, the anchor was hauled up out of the soft Orinoco mud which is fast filling up the Paria Gulf, and the Hooper headed for the Bocca Monos, or Monkey's Mouth. I pass over the enchanting scenery of this natural gateway between the outer ocean and the still gulf within. The spot selected for the landing-place of the cable was a little cove or bay called Macaripe, situated on the north coast of the island, and not far east from the Bocca. The northern coast of Trinidad is formed by a bulwark of mountains, a continuation of the Cordilleras of the Spanish Main. The islands of the Bocca are, indeed, but the tops of submerged peaks. These mountains are covered with a dense primeval forest from base to summit. Giant mombin and balatah trees rear themselves from the very pinnacle of Mount Toucouche, the highest of the range, and even the sand of the beach is draped with the broad-leaved vines of the shore-grape. The sides and ridges of these mountains are shaggy with forests of indescribable luxuriance and beauty. Their spurs run out into the sea and form all manner of little secluded coves, with curving beaches of yellow coral sand, and promontories gnawed by the strong surf into miniature islands, each topheavy with vegetation, or scooped out into caves fringed with cactus and creepers. Of these the Cove of Macaripe afforded the requirements of a good anchorage, a sandy bottom, and a north-westerly opening towards the Caribbean. Here the Hooper came to anchor, and here also she found her Majesty's corvette Druid, deputed by the Admiralty to help her in her work. The Druid lay so close in shore that her yardarms almost touched

the forest-trees. She had arrived at the rendezvous some hours before the Hooper.

At closer quarters with the forest its foliage brightened, and the amazing variety of flowers and plants could be distinguished. Flocks of gaudy birds and occasional butterflies of the most brilliant colours could be seen amongst the vegetation. The little cable-hut, from which the cable would be laid on the morrow, stood like a sentinel's box, just where beach and forest met—a solitary outpost of nineteenth-century civilisation.

The sun was now rapidly sinking in the west, and the distant Cordilleras of Venezuela were fast becoming lost in the splendours of an El Dorado sunset. It became necessary to land the electricians, who were to make their camp at the cable-hut during the laying operations. Accordingly, a boat was manned, and the three youths told off were bundled away with all their traps, instruments, baggage, and hammocks for sleeping in, not to mention such smuggled articles as muskets and cutlasses for forest use. In order to land we transhipped from the boat into a crazy "dug-out" belonging to "Mister Captain Brown," a darkie Crusoe, or rather Friday, in charge of the cable-hut *pro tem*. Washed in on the top of the swell, we were left high and dry on the steep beach, face to face with the "high woods." The curving sand was strewn with many waifs cast up by the sea—delicate shells and coral stems, palm-nuts from the Orinoco, curious seed-cases, and dyed reeds. On every side the lofty virgin forest hemmed us in, bewildering in its variety, overpowering in its grandeur.

The western sky had now deepened to orange, and the masts and spars of the two ships, outlined against it, showed black as ebony. An awful hush settled over everything. We stood on the shining sands for a while to see the gloaming wane. It was like a scene from the adventures of Drake or Raleigh. The Druid, with her portholes turned toward the Hooper, looked like a privateer keeping watch over her prize. But the old order changes, and the sword is turned into the ploughshare.

Soon the sudden tropical night fell, the new moon rose over purple bars of cloud, near where the sun had disappeared, and the lights of myriad fireflies twinkled in the dark recesses of the forest.

Next morning all was life and bustle on board the Hooper. A splendid sunrise filled all the forest gorges with golden mist, and gave promise of a bright day. A delicious breeze was blowing from the shore; the woods glistened in the fresh air. Two boats of the Druid were already afloat, fully manned by white-jackets. At the stern of the Hooper a raft, made by crossing planks over two boats, was moored, and into this the shore-end cable, with its heavy sheathing of iron guard-wires, was being coiled. When a sufficient quantity to reach to the shore had been taken in, the steam launch, which had been puffing busily about, took the raft in tow, and headed for the cable-hut. The shore end was paid out of the raft by hand as she was towed along. When the water became too shallow to go farther in this way, the white-jackets stripped, leaped into the water, and, seizing the heavy cable, they dragged it up the beach and laid it in the land trench which had been dug up to the cable-hut. Communication from ship to shore was thus effected. It only remained to make tests to see that the cable was electrically sound, and then the paying out from the

ship might begin. The scene made a pretty picture for some artistic officer of the Druid to sketch at leisure in the wardroom—the background of dull-green umbrageous forest, dashed with the scarlet tops of norantea-trees in flower; the tiny cable-hut, shaded by a dense tuft of bamboo; the craggy islets and cactus-fringed caves, the winging pelicans disturbed from their early meal, the boats afloat on the still waters of the coral cove, the white figures of the crew dragging the black cable through the water up the beach, and coiling it like a big snake upon the sand.

In the doorway of the hut the chief shore electrician stood waiting for the end to be handed into his charge. Within the hut a few electrical instruments had been set up on a shelf, and there was just room for this presiding spirit of the place to turn about and shift his plugs, or slap his galvanometer into good behaviour. But a few seconds were sufficient to test whether the cable just laid was right or wrong. The detective current from the battery on the floor soon yielded a good report, and the cry was "All aboard." So we bundled into the boats and made for the ships, leaving three youthful hermits behind on the sands, to rough it there, on the verge of the wilderness, as best they could, keeping watch in the hut for the ship's signals day and night while she was paying out, bathing *ad libitum* in the warm tropic sea, sleeping in grass hammocks, Indian fashion, under a huge ceiba-tree close by, and taking their chances with the malaria which lurks in all these coast glens.

With the Druid on ahead, the Hooper soon started paying out cable, and it may be questioned whether any Spanish galleon ever carried a richer freight than she did over the Caribbean Sea, or, for that matter, ever dropped one into it. The object of the Druid was to keep about a mile ahead, take soundings on the projected route of the cable, and signal the results by flags or lights to the Hooper in her rear. The slope of the bottom being very steep off that coast, the shore end, which is always specially designed for shallow water, was soon paid out. This heavy type of cable, specially strengthened to guard against ill-usage from anchors, rocks, and waves, was followed by a length of lighter Intermediate cable, suited for intermediate depths, while this again was followed by the deep-sea cable, the lightest of the three kinds. In all these types the core, or part of a cable essential to the conveyance of the message, is usually the same throughout. Only the external sheathing of hemp and iron wires varies as the need of protection for the core varies; it being stronger where the risks of damage are greater. In the still depths of the mid-ocean, where everything is supposed to be quiescent, the protection of the core may be reduced to a minimum, but it is, over and above this, necessary that the cable should have sufficient strength to withstand the pull of raising it again, if need be, for repairs.

The cable runs out of the ship by its own weight, and the ship has therefore to keep pace with the cable. The rate at which the cable runs out necessarily increases with the depth, for then a greater weight of cable is hanging from the stern. But this rate is controlled by a friction-drum on board, and the speed of the ship is kept adjusted to it, so that no more cable than is necessary to easily cover the ground is paid out. The route chosen for the cable, by help of previous soundings, is laid down on the

ship's charts, and it is the aim of the navigator to keep as close to the projected line as possible, and by many observations to determine the true path of the cable as it is laid, so that it may be easily found for future repairs. Electrical tests are kept constantly applied to the cable while it is being paid out. One test determines the condition of the insulator surrounding the copper wire that conveys the message. Another test ascertains whether the copper wire remains continuous from the ship to the shore. This is done by the ship communicating at every few minutes with the shore. All is watchful activity on board while paying out is going on. There is the excitement of suspense, of possible mishap occurring at any instant, and involving great sums of money. There are two sources of misadventure. Either some electric fault or flaw may suddenly appear, or something may go wrong with the laying operations. In the latter case, when we come to consider the velocity with which the cable is running out (five or six miles an hour), and the momentum of the great ship, we see how serious might be the consequences of some mechanical obstruction. The snapping of the thin rope which the cable forms, and consequent loss of the end in the sea, might sink many thousands of pounds in a single instant.

On the second day the alarm-bell was rung from the testing-room, and the engines instantly stopped, then reversed, the breaks being meanwhile applied to the cable. A "fault" had broken out. Through some minute rupture of the indiarubber, hitherto perfect, surrounding the copper wire, the current was escaping into the sea. Part of the cable still to be paid out remained, of course, in the ship's tanks, while that already overboard lay in two thousand fathoms water, or something like two miles deep. The first thing done was to sever the cable, dividing that in the sea from that in the ship. If the tests then showed that the sea portion was the faulty one, there was no help for it but to turn the ship about and pick up again what she had already laid, so as to cut out the fault localised by her tests. Luckily, however, the cable section in this case proved sound, and the fault was found in the piece on board. So, after a few hours' delay in joining fresh cable to the length in the sea, we were again *en route*, and on the fourth day after leaving Trinidad we sighted Santa Cruz. The dry, parched appearance of this island was as different as possible from that we had just left, and from what we were in the habit of imagining that a West Indian island should be. But, like others of the Virgin group, it has been denuded of its woods, and drought is fast turning it, although once the garden of the West Indies, into a dreary waste of mimosa scrub and cactus. When we had rounded the eastern end, however, and approached the centre of the island, we saw that its character changed. The north-west half is still pleasant with roads bordered by cocoa-palms, fields of sugar-cane, and bridle-paths shaded with a variety of tropical fruit-trees, the glossy mammee-apple, the guava, the mango, and the sop. Planters' dwellings, with cool verandahs, shaded by plume-topped cabbage-palms and richly-flowered creepers, here and there dotted the hillsides, with sugar-mills and with straggling villages of negro huts some safe distance to leeward.

That night we cut and buoyed the cable (now of the intermediate type again, since we were in shallow water), and anchored under the lee of the Green Key, a small flanking islet, as its name implies.

Next morning we joined the Shore end to the Intermediate, and continued the laying towards Christiansted, a grey-shingled, sun-baked, tropic town, nestling in the waist of the island on its northern side, and in view of the beautiful ring of purple islands which comprise the rest of the Virgin group. From the azure-blue sea without we crossed the fringing coral reef which forms the natural break-water of its harbour into the emerald-green waters within. Here, though the depth was eighty or ninety feet, we could plainly see on the bottom the vast white sheets of coral sand, whose reflection gives the intense green colour to these reef waters, and the black line of the cable lying upon them.

But a different scene was enacted at the laying of this shore end from that at Macaripe. A comfortable cable-hut had been erected in a sequestered bay not far from the town, and here, in the presence of the governor of the island, and a bevy of ladies and gentlemen, who soiled their gloves in helping to drag it up the sand, the cable was landed with *éclat*. A moment more, and signals were exchanged between Santa Cruz and Trinidad. I am not sure but that the governors of these respective territories enthusiastically congratulated each other through the wire on the auspicious occasion.

All next day there were preparations going on for a great *fiesta* on board the Hooper. There was washing down fore-and-aft, and holystoning of the decks, and fragrant steams of cooking; and that night we entertained the governor and the *élite* of the island to dinner. The white inhabitants of Santa Cruz are mostly Danish, with a few English and Irish creole planters; but English is the language spoken by the entire community, white or coloured, so we had each and all an opportunity of fraternising with our noble cousins the Danes. Withdrawn from the world, these gentle creole people are so unsophisticated and sincere that we were soon on the friendliest terms together; and the governor delivered himself of an oration in which he extolled the triumphs of English genius in general, and of ours in particular, which he declared was only equalled by our magnificent hospitality.

J. MUNRO, C.E.

SALE OF RARE BOOKS IN NEW YORK.

THE largest sale of rare and valuable books that has ever been made in America was held lately at Clinton Hall in New York. This library, which comprised over 2,000 volumes, was collected by Mr. Menzies to illustrate American history, by the preservation of the earliest editions of works relating to and published in that country. The most costly book in the collection was a copy of Irving's "Life of Washington." The collector had chosen a fine copy in sheets (one of 110 printed with large margins) and had illustrated it with 1,700 pictures, including 222 of the rarest and scarcest portraits of Washington. These illustrations were selected with an eye to their rarity and value. Sixty-two of the pictures are original water-colours; seventy-one are tinted photographs from curious originals; and of the better known plates most are curiosities from their early unlettered state and careful selection. The biography was thus swelled to twelve sumptuous volumes. The

binding of the series was executed in the most costly and exquisite style. When this work was put up, the bidding commenced at 100 dollars per volume, and rapidly ran up to 200 dollars. It increased at a slower rate to 300 dollars. The bidding then lay between Mr. J. W. Drexel and Mr. W. Phoenix. The latter gave way at 335 dollars, and Mr. Drexel bid 340 dollars per volume, and to him it was knocked down amid great applause. This was 4,080 dollars for the set. Another coveted volume was "Eliot's Indian Bible," the finest copy in this country, and beautifully bound. It was started at 650 dollars, and was bought by Mr. Cook, of Providence, for 900 dollars. The same book was sold at the Rice Sale in London for 1,050 dollars. The following are some of the other sales:—

"Communion of Churches," John Eliot, Cambridge (1665). A remarkable specimen of the earliest of New England imprints, superbly bound, sold for 155 dollars. Eliot and Mayhew's "Tears of Repentance," etc., printed in London in 1653. According to Rich, this remarkable little work was the second published on the subject by the Corporation of London, and dedicated to the Lord General Cromwell. It brought 70 dollars. Horsemenden's (D.) "Journal of the proceedings in the detection of the conspiracy formed by some white people," etc., a complete edition was bought for a Chicago gentleman for 240 dollars. Hubbard's (W.) "Narrative of the Troubles with the Indians," etc., Boston, 1676, 200 dollars.

"The Discovery, Settlement, and Present State of Kentucke," etc. This work was written by one of the pioneers of border warfare, who was killed by the Indians of Ohio, and printed by James Adams, at Wilmington, in 1784. It brought 50 dollars. There was a great demand for Fysshers's "Treatyse concerninge the fruytful saynges of David the Kyng," etc., a fine black letter Wynkyn de Worde book. The bidding began at 50 dollars, and ran up rapidly to 300 dollars.

The only Caxton in the collection was a copy of the famous "Polychronicon." The bidding began with an offer of 500 dollars, and in twenty-fives rapidly ran up. Mr. Jeffries, a gentleman who had been attracted from England to the sale, made a sudden jump from 925 dollars to 1,000 dollars, amid great applause. Then came a pause, and Mr. Fisher, who had been steadily bidding, offered 1,005 dollars, at which price it was knocked down to him. It is understood that he purchased the work for Mr. J. W. Drexel, and the book was thus prevented from making a voyage to England.

George's (F.) "America Painted to the Life," etc., printed in London in 1659, sold for 200 dollars. A fine copy of "Gospel Order Revived," etc., printed by Bradford, in New York, in 1700, was sold for 57 dollars. A unique copy of Gregorius (Magnus) "Liber Regule Pastoralis," etc., printed by Fust et Schoiffer in 1465, was also very keenly bid for, and was finally knocked down to Colonel Hawkins for 142 dollars 50 cents. Of the Hakluyt literature a copy of the now almost unobtainable first [1589] edition in one superb volume, containing the folded map, brought 108 dollars. The three-volume (second, 1599-1600) edition was sold for 75 dollars per volume.

"Liber beati Joannis Chrisostomi," and printed at Cologne by the famous Ulric Zell in 1467, a specimen of early typography, the work of a disciple

of Schoiffer and a teacher of Caxton, sold for 85 dollars. Cicero's "Discourse of Old Age," a specimen of Benjamin Franklin's printing (1774), "clean, fresh, and crisp as it came from the press" (only three other uncut copies known to be in existence), brought 168 dollars. Colden's "History of the Five Indian Nations," etc., printed by Bradford, New York, in 1727, started with a 20 dollars bid, the competition went on briskly, and it finished at 210 dollars. The London edition only brought 9 dollars 50 cents, and the late New York edition, edited by Shea, 5 dollars 50 cents. This indicates the great value now placed on the earliest specimens of American printing. "De Insulis Nuper Inuentis," etc. (Basle, 1434), knocked down for 100 dollars. The Boston (1680) "A Confession of Faith" brought 38 dollars, and the first book ever printed in Connecticut. "A Confession of Faith," New London, in New England, printed by Thomas Short in 1710, has sold for 60 dollars. "The History of the Province of New York," by William Smith, published in London

in 1757, was bought by Mr. Phoenix for 225 dollars. This book brought 300 dollars at the sale of the Rice Library. "The History of the Colony of New Jersey," by Samuel Smith, printed at Burlington in 1765, sold for 125 dollars. Captain John Smith's "General History of Virginia, New England (London, 1627), and the Summer Isles," was purchased for 140 dollars. Bernard Romans's "Concise Natural History of East and West Florida" brought 175 dollars. This work is considered to be very rare, in a perfect condition. "A General History of Connecticut," by Samuel A. Peters, brought 125 dollars, and Winthrop Sargent's "Diary" 107 dollars 50 cents; "Noah's Dove," printed by William Bradford in 1704, 50 dollars; Norton's "Three Sermons" 55 dollars; William Penn's "Direction to America" 30 dollars; "A Letter by William Penn to the Free Society of Traders of Pennsylvania residing in London" 65 dollars. We give this brief report from the "New York Observer," as it may interest book-collectors in England.



The Sabled Rosebud.

FROM THE GERMAN.

COLD on the rugged mountain's brow
Now glistens the fresh-fallen snow;
To my garden, bound by the silent spell
Of autumn, I fondly sigh farewell.

From the branches bare, in that autumn hour
The gay leaves fall in gentle shower,
And the sturdy asters, a-weary now,
Low in the dust their pale heads bow.

When, lo! as I cast my gaze around
On the hedgerow that closes the garden ground,
A rosebud greets my wondering sight,
Blooming alone in beauty bright.

Poor child of the late autumn sun,
Scarce woo'd to light, thy race is run!
Too fleeting was that treacherous ray,
And thy tender growth is checked to-day.

The sun has lost its earlier power
To paint with light thy chalice flower;
Perish thou must—all hope is lost—
If here thou await the midnight frost.

And so I pluck'd it, bore it home
To the warm shelter of my room;
Placed it in water; and, lo! in the morn
My child-rose to new life was born.

Joyfully now in the genial air
The bud unfolds its petals fair;
The hues of health its cheeks illumine;
Grateful, it breathes a sweet perfume.

Didst ever on life's pathway find
A floweret scathed by the winter's wind?
Some orphan child, without a friend
Its infant life to guard and tend?

By love and sunshine all unblest,
Its tender promise unconfess;
Forgotten, it must droop and die—
Closed is the mother's watchful eye!

Thy heart doth tender pity move?
O take the rosebud home in love!
Soon will it in the warmth unfold,
'Twill yield thee thanks a thousandfold.

True, thou canst ne'er replace on earth
The mother's love who gave it birth;
But thou canst cherish and give it room
Till the child-bud open in fadeless bloom.

Then God's own sun shall o'er it shine,
And this sweet guerdon shall be thine:
"Receive this child," 'tis Christ's word to thee,
"For My name's sake—thou receivest Me."

E. E. W.

Varieties.

RAIN.—The winter of 1876-1877 will be memorable in meteorological annals for the great rainfall in England. It is not quite unprecedented, however, if we may trust the statement communicated to the "Times" by the Rev. J. C. Blomfield, Launton Rectory, who says that the following record of the weather is written on the fly-leaf of one of the register-books of Bicester Church:—"June the 19th, 1763. It began raining and continued mostly wet weather till the beginning of February, 1764, and a perpetual flood for the most part of November, December, January, and the beginning of February—15 weeks."

RINGS FROM MYCENE.—I found two massive golden seal rings, with the opening so small that they would only fit a child's finger. I therefore suppose that they may have been used as seals only. One of the seals represents two warriors on a two-wheeled chariot with two horses which seem to run at full gallop; one of the warriors is holding a bow in his hand, and has just shot an arrow at a stag. The stag is wounded, and in anguish turns his head. The other seal ring represents a warrior who has just vanquished his three enemies and is in the act of giving with his uplifted sword a last blow to one of them, wounded and kneeling before him on one knee; the latter tries to parry the blow with his uplifted hands and with a lance, which he holds in his right, and seems to throw at his opponent. Another seems to be mortally wounded, for he lies on the ground leaning on both his hands. The third, who alone of all the four warriors has a helmet with a crest on his head, is flying under the cover of an enormous shield which reaches from his neck to his heels; but still he turns his head towards his victorious enemy, and is in the act of throwing a lance at him. The anatomy of all the men is so well observed, their posture is so faithful to nature, and everything is executed with so much art, that, when I brought to light these rings, I involuntarily exclaimed, "The author of the 'Iliad' and the 'Odyssey' can only have been born and educated in a civilisation which could produce such wonders. Only a poet who had masterpieces of art like these continually before his eyes could compose those divine poems."—*Dr. Schliemann.*

LORD LYTTON'S BURIAL.—The late Bulwer Lytton seems to have had a morbid fear of being buried alive, if we judge by the following directions as to the disposal of his body:—"I desire that it may not be disturbed from the bed in which it may be lying, nor prepared for burial, nor, above all, be placed in a coffin, till three medical men of high standing and reputation shall have inspected it separately, and not in the presence of each other, and shall have declared in writing, to be signed by them respectively, that the signs of decomposition have unmistakably commenced. And I desire that two out of the three medical men shall be other than the medical men who have attended me in my last illness. I forbid all dissection or autopsy of my remains, unless there be a suspicion in the mind of my executor that I have not died a natural death, but earnestly request that the most approved means (short of mangling the body) may be used for restoring my life in case there be any doubt of my decease, or I appear to be in a catalepsy or trance." His lordship directs his body to be buried in the family mausoleum at Knebworth, his epitaph (if any) to be in the English language, and the funeral to be limited to the modest expense usual at the funeral of a private gentleman.

MAGICIANS.—During the discussions on spiritualism following the Slade conviction, Captain Burton wrote, from Trieste, that he had seen inexplicable things both in Egypt and the East. An Indian magistrate thus replied in the "Times":—"My friend Captain Burton, in his letter to you, alludes to the Cairo magician and the mirror of ink in the boy's hand, and he mentions that the same process is everywhere utilised in India. It is so in some parts, no doubt; but of the value of the process for the discovery of the truth the following anecdote may enable your readers to judge. When I was a magistrate over a very large district, a case came before me in which a native had been charged before one of my European deputies with murder, on the allegation of one of these jugglers; it thus became my duty to put him officially to the test. Accordingly, after he had assured me that he could call up the spirit of my dead father, I asked him to do so, when, after the usual preliminaries, the boy said he saw before him a tall, fair man, with a large light-coloured beard, and wearing a scarlet uniform. This would have been a very good description if I had taken after my father as to height, appearance, and profession, as

probably the magician guessed I had; but, as it happened, my father was a short, dark man, wore merely the remnant of a whisker, as was customary in the Navy in his day, and being of that service, of course wore a blue uniform, not a scarlet, when in uniform at all. So much for that attempt. I then asked him if he could call a living sister of mine, and in due time I was informed by the magician that the boy saw her, a tall, fair, handsome woman, wearing a pair of gold brocade trousers, with beautifully-worked chemisette, a pair of immense pearls in her nose-ring, and an equally fine ruby, and on her toes rings set with diamonds; in short, the whole costume of a native lady of the highest rank. As I happened to have no sister living, the fact of the whole being a simple piece of imposture was obvious, even if she would have been likely to dress in such a way as described; but this I found, on questioning the magician and the boy, had evidently arisen from the fact of neither of them ever having seen a European lady, the country having but very recently come under British rule."

Another correspondent wrote:—"Your correspondent, Captain Burton, is unfortunate in quoting Mr. Lane's well-known account of 'the Cairo magician and the mirror of ink in the boy's hand' as a striking evidence of the 'presence of a force or a power evidently intelligent and palpably material.' When Mr. Lane published the first edition of the 'Manners and Customs of the Modern Egyptians,' in 1835, he was certainly unable 'to discover any clue by which to penetrate the mystery.' It was, however, unravelled a few years afterwards, and in the reprint of the third edition of the work, which appeared in 1846 in the series of 'Knight's Weekly Volumes,' a full description of the exposure will be found in the Appendix to Vol. 3, prefaced by the following remarks:—"The editor reprints Mr. Lane's original account of the magician, Abdel-Kadir, without any alteration. It is the most vivid and accurate account of a then undetected imposture, which excited the greatest curiosity and interest throughout the civilised world. The delusion has since been entirely dissipated, and a solution of the difficulties surrounding it has been derived from the candour and sagacity of Mr. Lane himself."

ALCOHOL AND LIME-JUICE IN THE ARCTIC REGIONS.—The experiences of Sir John Ross, of Sir Edward Parry, of Captain McClure and Sir John Richardson, Sir A. Armstrong, and Dr. Rae, had long ago established the absolute superiority of tea over alcohol as an invigorating drink in Arctic latitudes. It is, therefore, not surprising that the total abstinence members of the recent Arctic expedition are able, on their return, to give a very good account of themselves; but it adds to our surprise that, under these circumstances, room should have been found on the sledges for large quantities of spirits—so that Commander Markham abandoned, on his home journey, a considerable quantity of them—while none could be found for the daily ounce-rate of lime-juice necessary to ward off scurvy. Alcohol in excessively cold temperatures will find few defenders even as a luxury; lime-juice will find no detractors as an absolute necessity. On whose authority was it omitted?—*British Medical Journal.*

ANTONELLI'S WILL.—In the clause in which he commits his soul "to God, to the most Holy Immaculate Mary," and to the Saints, he does not make the least mention of Jesus Christ, the only true Saviour and Mediator. This is a striking proof of the thorough supersession of our Lord in the modern creed of the Vatican by the Virgin. It is in perfect keeping with the declaration of the Encyclical of his master, Pio Nono, dated from Gaeta, 2nd of February, 1849, namely, "God has placed the plenitude of all good in Mary," and that "He has willed that we have all through Mary." It is the doctrine established by Pio Nono by creating the Jesuit, Dr. Alphonso Liguori, the authoritative teacher of the Roman theology, ordering his "Theologia Moralis" to be taught in all theological colleges and schools. This St. Liguori was the author of "The Glories of Mary," the work which has led, through the indefatigable exertions of the Jesuits, to the present deification of Mary, and the dethronement of our Saviour in the Roman Church, which in some of its books even perverts the Gospel texts referring to our Lord into such blasphemous paraphrases as this: "God so loved the world that He gave His beloved Mother, that whoso believes in her shall have everlasting life!" The omission of the name of Jesus Christ in the will of Antonelli, and the substitution of that of the "Immaculate Mary," is a significant proof of his Mariolatry.—*Letter of William Hovell, from Rome.*

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